

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BIDE DUDLEY

Poppo, the shipping clerk, grinned as he closed his big book. "That new show 'Kiss & Hiss' are to put on in the New Amsterdam Theatre ought to clean up," he said.

"Why?" asked Miss Prim, private secretary to the boss.

"Look at its name, 'Around the Map.' How's that one?"

Miss Prim frowned. "It gives me keen pleasure," she said, "to knock the props from under a cheap joke. That show's name is 'Around the Map,' not 'Map.' Now, where is your joke?"

"Who wrote it?" asked Bobbie, the office boy, "Rand & McNally?"

"Pay no attention to him, folks," said Miss Prim. "Bobbie deliberately plans to make us uncomfortable with his snide witticisms."

"Maps out his campaign, eh?" asked the blond stenographer.

"And I might add that Miss Tillie, our little blond friend is slightly tight-headed," snapped the private secretary.

"If she'd let that hair alone, things might be different," sang out Bobbie. The stenographer glared first at Miss Prim and then at Bobbie. "You two may keep your insults to yourselves," she snapped.

"Tut, tut, now!" said Spooner, the bookkeeper. "Let's all be pleasant. Has anybody here seen that new show, 'Alone at Last' I believe it's about a shoe-maker."

Miss Prim just had to smile. "Really, Mr. Spooner," she said, "you almost convince me with your lack of knowledge of things theatrical. That play has nothing to do with a shoe-maker. Its name is 'A Lonely Lass.' I know because my cousin told me he was going to see it on the opening night."

Bobbie saw another chance to pester his enemy. "That sure does settle it," he said. "Only I don't believe he's your cousin at all."

"What do you mean?" demanded the private secretary.

"Love is a strange thing," Bobbie went on. "It makes sensible men and women try to—"

"Bobbie!" snapped Miss Prim. "I say he is my cousin. If he were here he'd snatch you bald-headed in a second."

"Oh, that's different," came from the boy. "He might be your second cousin, but—"

"If you'll permit me to make a correction," said Spooner smilingly, "that play is 'Alone at Last.' I sincerely hope—"

"Nix!" whispered Bobbie. "Here comes Mr. Knooks."

The boss entered and greeted all pleasantly. Turning to the blonde stenographer, he assumed an attitude of mock seriousness and said: "Just met the young man I saw you with in the cafe last night, Miss Tillie. He says he isn't your cousin at all. When is the marriage to take place?"

The stenographer blushed and the boss passed on into his private room. Miss Prim was intently studying a letter she had written. Bobbie broke the silence.

"Love is a strange thing, an' they're cousins and cousins," he said.

Miss Prim left the room, slamming the door.

MISS GEORGE IN "THE LIARS."

Grace George will produce "The Liars," by Henry Arthur Jones, on Monday, Nov. 8, at the Playhouse. This will be the second play in this theatre's repertoire. "The New York Idea" will be kept in the bill, after matinee with the Jones play. Immediately following the first performance of "The Liars" Miss George will begin rehearsing "The School for Scandal."

LOU TELLEGEN'S NEW PLAY.

As forecast here three weeks ago, Lou Tellegen is to have the leading role in "The Ware Case," which the Monaca Shubert will present in New York soon. The play has been highly successful in London. It is by George Playdell.

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GOSSIP.

Rose Tapley, Vitaphone star, has a plum tree in full bloom at her home in East Orange. She thinks the tree has been ill-advised.

Cecil Magnus has replaced Thomas C. Cooke as stage manager of "Treasure Island," which will open at the PUNCH and Judy Nov. 11.

Mae March, heroine of "The Birth of a Nation," has gone to Albuquerque for her health. Later she will resume work for D. W. Griffith.

Edwin Holt and Alexandra Carlisle will have the principal roles in Henry W. Savage's production of "Behold Thy Wife!"

A six-story brick building will be burned this week at Fort Schuyler to obtain a scene for the Edison film, "Children of Eve."

Virginia Gunther, artist's model, has been engaged by Ned Wayburn for the "Town Topics" chorus. She has auburn hair, black eyes and is almost six feet tall.

Sarah Bernhardt has written a song for Anna Held, who is entering vaudeville at the Palace to-day. Miss Held says she'll sing it if it isn't said. But might it not be gay and still be rather—oh, well, let it go.

Joe Collins of "Alone at Last" is indignant over a report that she recently married a film manufacturer in New Jersey. She wishes it known that she is married and has been for five years to Louis Lash-Chaffield, at present an artillery officer in the army of Gen. French.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

W. M. J.—Raver is at No. 110 West Fortieth Street.

A. L.—We don't dare ask her age, but it's about twenty. Never at the Winter Garden.

C. R.—It wasn't really a popularity contest. The theatre billed it as such for advertising purposes. Neither won. There was no decision and no award. Later, however, five years to Louis Lash-Chaffield, at present an artillery officer in the army of Gen. French.

FOOLISHMENT.

"I've found a planet," shouted Hope, A. looking through his telescope. "I didn't know that one was lost."

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"What kind of money does a musician earn?"

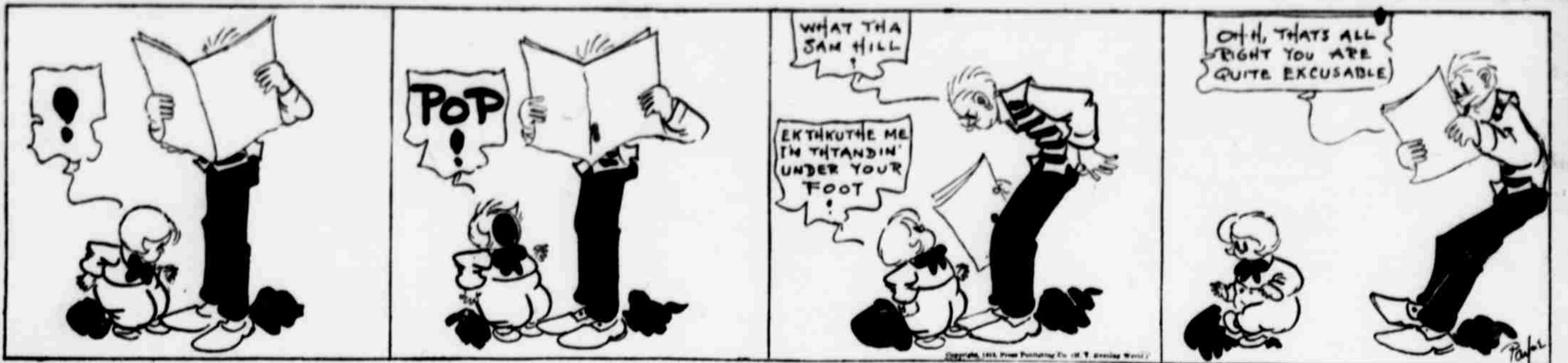
"I give it up."

"Harmony."



"S'MATTER, POP!"

By C. M. Payne



MARY'S MARRIED LIFE—What Chance Has a Mouse "as Big as a Lion" When Some One as "Big as an Elephant" Sits on Him?

By Thornton Fisher



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Apparently Axel Doesn't Think That "Nature" Intended Him to Perform This Trick!

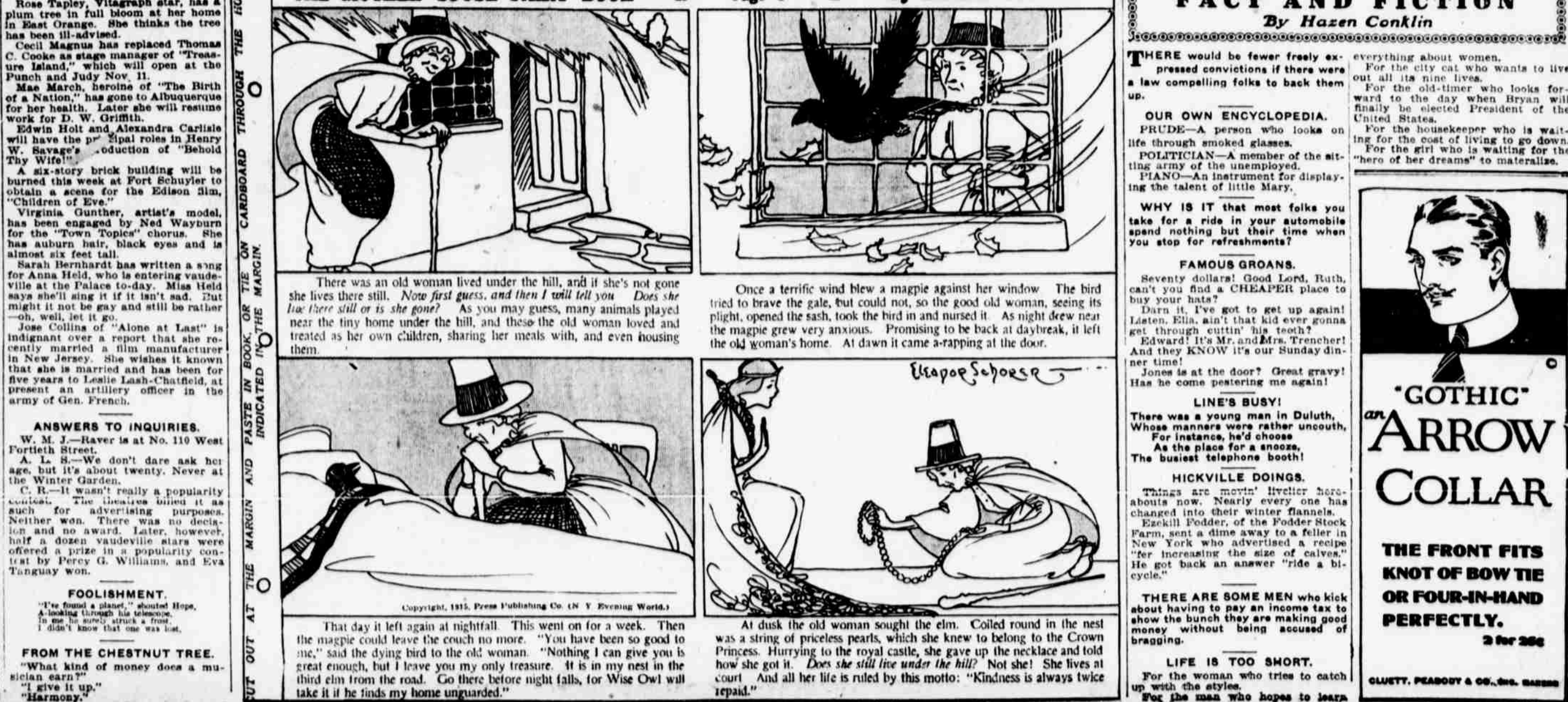
By Vic



THE MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK

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By Eleanor Schorer



FACT AND FICTION

By Hazen Conklin

There would be fewer freely expressed convictions if there were a law compelling folks to back them up.

OUR OWN ENCYCLOPEDIA.

PRUDE—A person who looks on life through smoked glasses.

POLITICIAN—A member of the sitting army of the unemployed.

PIANO—An instrument for displaying the talent of little Mary.

WHY IS IT that most folks you take for a ride in your automobile spend nothing but their time when you stop for refreshments?

FAMOUS GROANS.

Seventy dollars! Good Lord, Ruth, can't you find a CHEAPER place to buy your hats?

Damn it, I've got to get up again! Listen, Ella, ain't that kid ever gonna get through cuttin' his teeth?

Edward! It's Mr. and Mrs. Trencher! And they KNOW it's our Sunday dinner time!

Jones is at the door? Great gravy! Has he come pestering me again!

LINE'S BUSY!

There was a young man in Duluth, Whose manners were rather uncouth, For instance, he'd choose As the place for a snooze, The busiest telephone booth!

HICKVILLE DOINGS.

Things are movin' livelier hereabouts now. Nearly every one has changed into their winter flannels. Ezekiel Fodder, of the Fodder Stock Farm, sent a dime away to a feller in New York who advertised a recipe "for increasing the size of calves." He got back an answer "ride a bicycle."

THERE ARE SOME MEN who kick about having to pay an income tax to show the bunch they are making good money without being accused of bragging.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT.

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